

Lincoln


BY

ANNA MARIE NEIS

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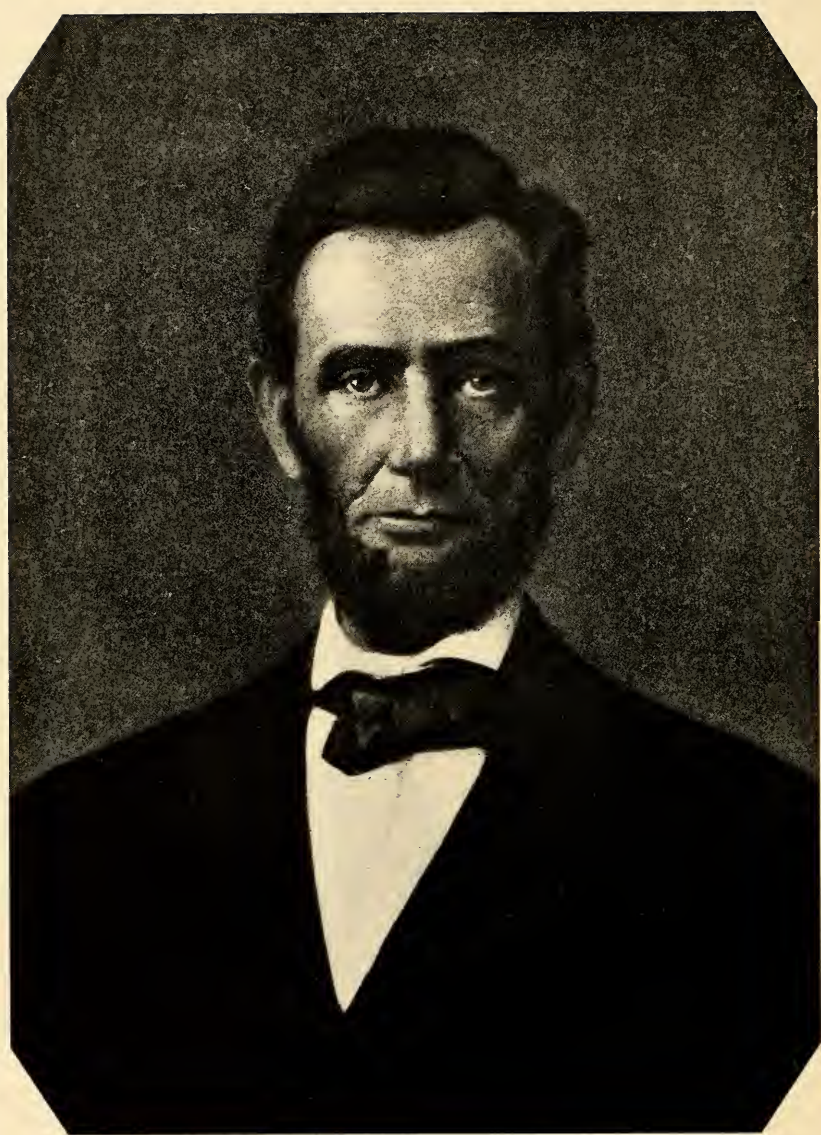
1915

ANNA MARIE NEIS




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INCOLN! Protector,
counsellor, friend;
Though gone from this world
still lives,
Endeared to all of his fellow-men;
His eloquent word still gives
Inspiration of soul, to young
and to old
Who peacefully dwell in the land
He saved from ruin and direful woe,
With the stroke of his powerful
hand.
No pact e'er signed in the annals
of man
Ever carried such freedom and
peace
Into millions of homes, into hearts
that were sad—
Bidding sorrow and want to cease.

 ONE of the noblest of our wide
world

Is this victor whom we adore;
This hero, sculptured in marble
and bronze,
And chanted in song evermore.
He lives in the hearts of the human
race,
In our own and in foreign lands,
As an "uncrowned monarch" of the
earth,
As a ruler who gave commands—
Not in the spirit of pomp and
power
With injustice and cruelty
combined,
But in tenderest love; in the
simplest way;
Courageous as he was kind.

HE fearlessly proved by act and
by speech
His faith in all mankind.
The solemn words that fell from
his lips
Are cherished in heart and in
mind.
The love that he bore to great and
to small
Was like that of the Christ of old;
His merciful deeds, his goodness
of heart,
Will over and over be told.
In the magnitude of this glorious
earth
His name shall live sublime;
Generations to come behold him
still
An idol of all time.

New York, N. Y.




LOG CABIN

ADMIRATION and ardent
love
In such measure has ne'er been
given
As he bestowed on the maiden
fair,
So suddenly from him riven;
With broken heart, and spirit
crushed,
His courage well-nigh spent,
He rallied from the o'erwhelming
blow,
On sacrifice still bent.
He began his mission here
on earth
Of ministering unto others;
And henceforth looked on all
mankind
As sisters and as brothers.



HIS praise for honesty, peace
and love
Spread far in the countryside;
His plea for justice in all he
said
Was heralded far and wide.
And so he came to be known
to all,
This boy of the Prairie State,
This boy so sadly whirled and
tossed
At the stern decree of fate.
And after years of toil and
woe,
His heart's desires to gain,
He slowly, steadily reached the
end
Of the thorny path to fame.

ERE we behold him; presiding
o'er

The grandest nation on earth.
Here destiny wove his life in
ours,

To prove his priceless worth.
He grasped the helm of the ship
of state,

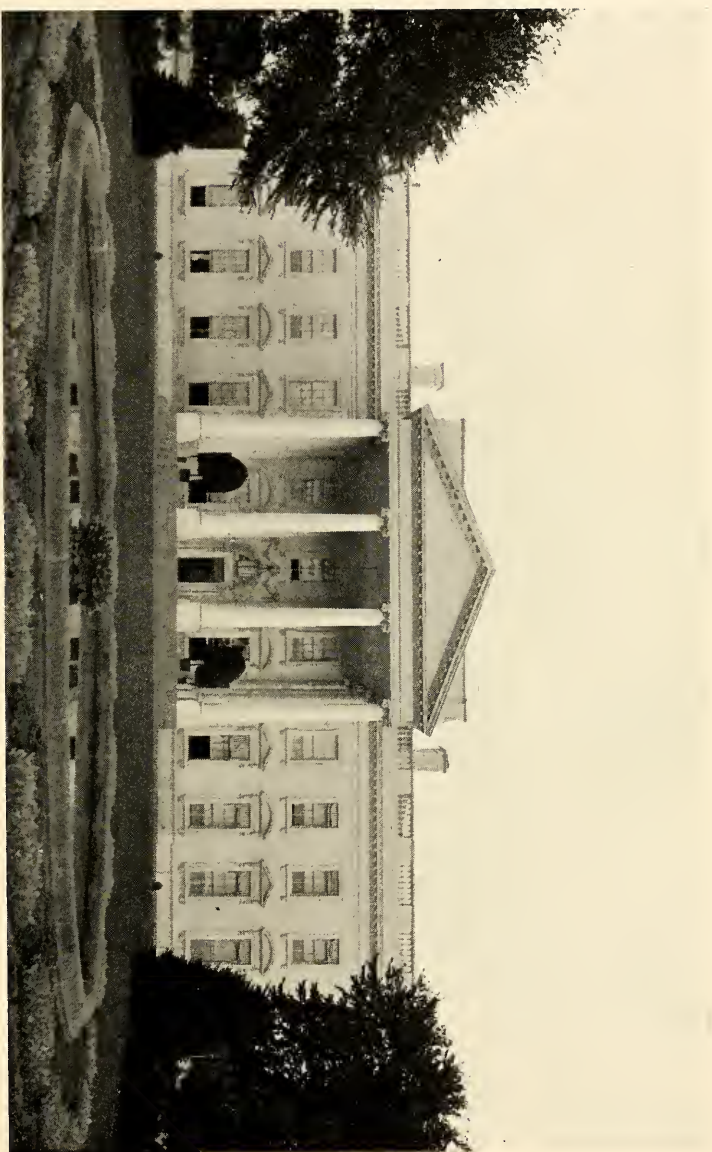
And guided it safely through
The most perilous and heart-rending
years

This country ever knew.
The struggle that followed is
known too well;

The anguish, the sighs, the
tears;

The anxious days; the sleepless
nights;

The country's hopes and fears.



WHITE HOUSE





SUCH joy the world has
rarely seen,—

A nation born anew!

That freedom reigned throughout
the land,

All knew was deeply true.

A new creation for all mankind

On that wondrous day was
dawning;

Such was the joy that reigned
supreme

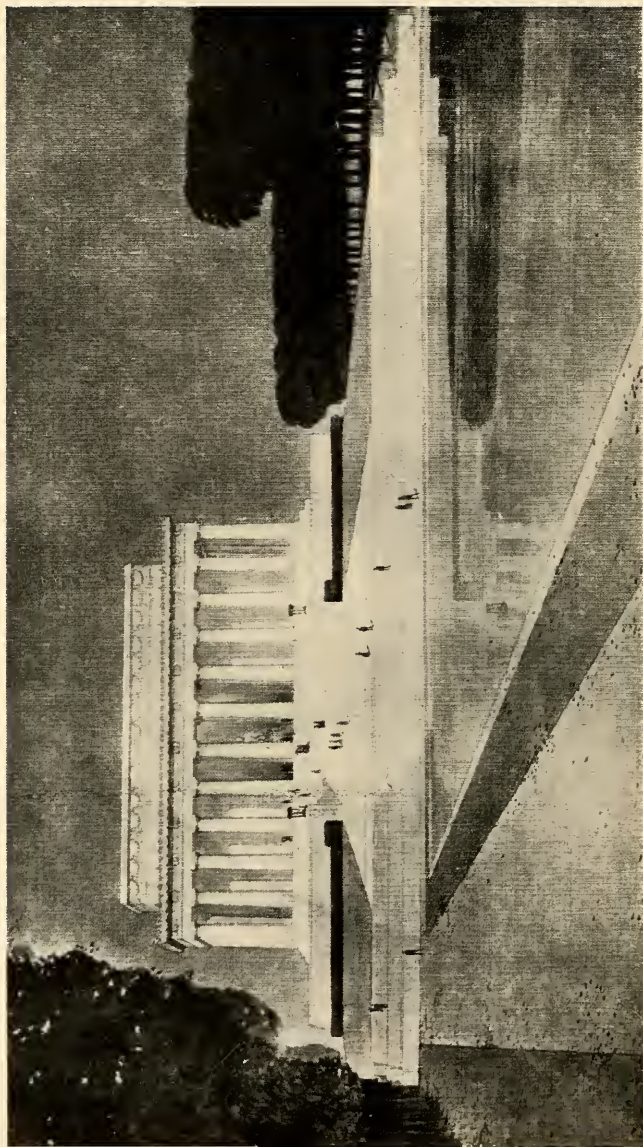
That bright Good Friday
morning.

The saddest face in all the
land

Shone with transfiguration;


He saw his purpose in life
achieved;

He had saved the life of a nation.




LINCOLN MEMORIAL




HE audience rose and
cheered, and waved
As for majesty on a throne;
Such peace supreme and
happiness
For years had not been
known.
Then lo! a pistol shot rings
out!
Tumult and terror reign—
With shrieks the throng move
towards the spot,
And then rush back again—
But only one face wears a
smile,
One head is dropping low;
The Chieftain, all unmindful,
Is the victim of the foe!

AGAIN the nation rose
as one
To waft his name in prayer.
The universal grief now seemed
Too great for man to bear.
And nature seemed to
sympathize
With every heart again;
She quickly gathered all her
clouds
And sent down floods of rain.
And negroes knelt in mud and
mire
As far as eye could see
To plead all night with God on
high,—
“O God! Mars. Linkum made
us free!”

“ON'T let him die!
Dear Jesus, hear!
Oh, let Mars. Linkum live!”
No tributes vowed were more
sincere
Than those they had to
give.
But the victor of that fateful
hour
Crowned with laurels won,
To higher glories must pass
on,
His work on earth was
done.
Wild joy was turned to deepest
woe,
The world was sadly weeping;
The only face serenely calm,
In sacred peace was sleeping.



LINCOLN'S HOME

HEY bore him to the
Prairie State,
Where now he lies at rest
Close by the home he loved so
well,
Near those who loved him
best.
Not even in death is he alone,
For his child is at his side;
Together their journey ended
on earth,
Together they will abide.
And the mourning nation
gathered
From town and village and
State,
To salute the draped and
doleful train,
And learn of his tragic fate.

AT last they reach the hallowed
spot;

A hush falls on the scene.

Despair and sorrow are intense,

But one face looks serene.

His lips are sealed; his eyes are
closed;

His silence deeply speaks;

They hear again his farewell
words,

When the tears ran down his
cheeks.

“My friends, to you I owe
my all;

To this place my heart still
clings;

You cannot gauge my feelings
now,

Nor the grief this parting brings.”


“**I** KNOW not when I shall return,

No one can ever tell;
Pray that I be led aright.
I bid you now farewell.”
The spell is snapped; all
 hearts relax;

The people weep aloud!
It seems as if his voice from
 heaven
Has spoken through a
 cloud.

And so they laid him down
to rest,
From care and sorrows free;
The greatest of all storm-tossed
souls

On Life's tempestuous sea.

 'ER his resting-place stands
a stately tomb,
No grander can be found
To keep alive his memory
Than this on hallowed
ground.
Here throng the hosts of
reverent friends
Who loving tribute lay;
Here many people of all
climes
Their sincere homage pay.
More lasting than the towering
shaft
Is the name on it we find;
The name beloved by all the
world,
Lincoln! the true, the kind!



LINCOLN MONUMENT

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